War. Speake lower, princes, for the King recouers.
Hum. This apoplexi wil certaine be his end.
King I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence,
Into ſome other chamber.
Let there be no noyſe made, my gentle friends,
Vnleſſe ſome dull and fauourable hand
Will whiſper muſique to my weary ſpirite.
War. Call for the muſique in the other roome.
King Set me the crowne vpon my pillow here.
Clar. His eie is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Leſſe noyſe, leſſe noyſe. *Enter Harry*
Prince Who ſaw the duke of Clarence?
Clar. I am here brother, ful of heauineſſe.
Prince How now, raine within doores, and none abroad?
How doth the King?
Hum. Exceeding ill.
Prince Heard he the good newes yet? tell it him.
Hum. He altred much vpon the hearing it,
Prince If he be ſicke with ioy, heele recouer without phiſicke.
War. Not ſo much noyſe my Lords, ſweete prince, ſpeake lowe, the King your father is diſpoſde to ſleepe.
Cla. Let vs withdraw into the other roome.
War. Wilt pleaſe your Grace to go along with vs?
Prince No, I wil ſit and watch heere by the King.
Why doth the Crowne lie there vpon his pillow,
Being ſo troubleſome a bedfellow?
O poliſht perturbation! golden care!
That keepſt the ports of Slumber open wide
To many a watchfull night, ſleepe with it now!
Yet not ſo ſound, and halfe ſo deeply ſweete,
As he whoſe brow (with homely biggen bound)
Snores out the watch of night. O maieſtie!
When thou doſt pinch thy bearer, thou doſt ſit
Like a rich armour worne in heate of day,
That ſcaldſt with ſafty (by his gates of breath)

There lies a downy feather which ſtirs not,
Did he ſuſpire, that light and weightleſſe downe
Perforce muſt moue my gracious lord my father:
This ſleepe is found indeede, this is a ſleepe,
That from this golden Rigoll hath diuorſt
So many Engliſh Kings, thy dꝛaw from me,
Is teares and heauy ſorowes of the blood,
Which nature, loue, and filiall tenderneſſe
Shall (O deare father) pay thee plenteouſly:
My due from thee is this imperiall Crowne,
Which as immediate from thy place and blood,
Deriues it ſelfe to me: loe where it ſits,
Which God ſhal guard, and put the worlds whole ſtrength
Into one giant arme, it ſhal not force,
This lineal honor from me, this from thee
Will I to mine leaue, as tis left to me. *exit.*

Enter Warwicke, Glouceſter, Clarence.

King Warwicke, Glouceſter, Clarence.
Clar. Doth the King cal?
War. What would your Maieſtie?
King Why did you leaue me here alone, my lords?
Cla. We left the prince my brother here my liege, who vndertooke to ſit and watch by you.
King The prince of Wales, where is he? let me ſee him: he is not here.
War. This doore is open, he is gone this way.
Hum. He came not through the chamber where we ſtaide.
King Where is the Crowne? who took it from my pillow?
War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.
King The Prince hath tane it hence, go ſeeke him out:
Is he ſo haſtie, that he doth ſuppoſe my ſleepe my death?
Finde him, my lord of Warwicke, chide him hither.
This part of his conioynes with my diſeaſe,
And helps to end me: ſee, ſonnes, what things you are,
How quickly nature falls into reuolt,
When gold becomes her obiect?